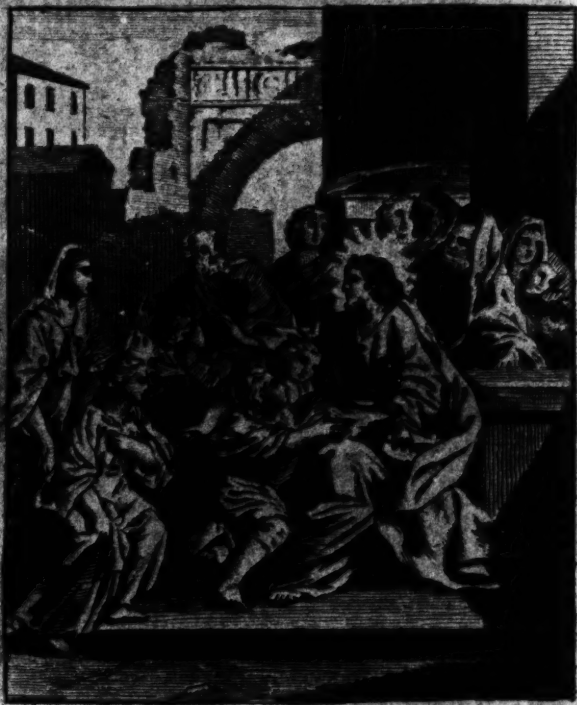


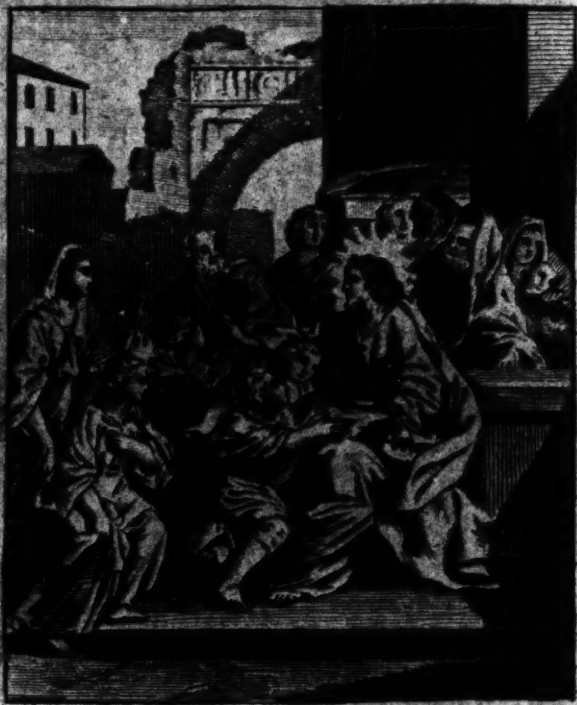
FRONTISPIECE.



Little Children brought to Jesus.

Published Dec^r 21st 1776 by H. Tappan.

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E A R L Y P I E T Y ;
O R ,
MEMOIRS of CHILDREN
EMINENTLY SERIOUS ;

Interpersed with
FAMILIAR DIALOGUES,
EMBLEMATICAL PICTURES,
PRAYERS, GRACES and HYMNS.

Recommended by the Rev. Mr. PECKWELL.

Hearst thou what these say ?———
Yea, have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes
and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise. Matt. xxi. 16.

The SECOND EDITION enlarged and improved.

L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by H. TRAPP, Successor and Son-
in-law to M. Lewis, No. 1, Paternoster-Row.

1777.

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B  L

P R E F A C E.

My dear young Reader,

THIS little book is written with a design and a desire, at once to profit and please you; by shewing in the examples of children, young as you are, the great happiness and advantage of *real and Early Piety*.

That you may read it to profit, you must take notice of whatever was good in the children you read of to imitate it; and of whatever was bad, in order to avoid it.

You

P R E F A C E.

You will find that the good children *loved prayer*, that is to teach *you* to love it too.

They *bated sin* very much, that is to teach *you* to hate it.

Many of them died very young (not that they died the sooner *because* they were good, but *being* good, they were the sooner fit to die) now, *you* yourself *may* die young too, therefore pray earnestly to the Lord, for the pardon of all your sins, and beg for grace to make you fit to live, and then you will be fit to die.

G. B.

• May 1, 1777.

T H E
ENTERTAINING HISTORY
O F

Master BILLY and Miss BETSEY
GOODCHILD.

C H A P. I.

*Of their Behaviour at School, and coming
Home at Christmas.*

MASTER Billy and Miss Betsey Good-
child, were sent by their parents
into the country, to a genteel boarding-
school; where they were put under the
care of Mrs. Lovegood, a lady of singular
piety and wisdom; remarkably fitted for
the education of youth; for she dearly
A loved

loved little children, was very indulgent to them, and never failed generously to reward them, whenever they did well; especially, when she observed them diligent in reading their bibles, in learning their catechism, in secret prayer, or when they could give a good account of the sermons they had heard on the Lord's day. Upon *such* occasions, she would not only commend and reward, but would indulge them with some useful piece of knowledge, that was new to them.

And so, by the blessing of God upon her instructions, and the diligent and dutiful behavior of her scholars, it was truly surprizing what a quick progress they made in learning and politeness. Mrs. *Lovegood* could by no means conceal the improvement they made, from their kind parents, and therefore wrote several times to acquaint them with all the particulars; and nothing could be more welcome to them than *such* news, I assure you.

You

You may imagine, by observing your own parents, (my dear reader), that it greatly delighted their hearts, to hear of the welfare and good behaviour of their dear little ones : and made them exceedingly abound in thankfulness to God, who had directed them to so good a school, and who had bestowed upon their children such lovely dispositions. They even thought it long till holiday time came, when they expected again to see them.

Well, CHRISTMAS came at last ; and, for my part, I can't tell you, whether parents or children, were most pleased with its coming.

The appointed day for *Master* and *Miss* to return home, was now arrived : and they took leave of Mrs. Lovegood, with tears of affection and love, begging her prayers for their safe journey to town ; where they got safe and sound in the evening : meeting at the inn in Aldersgate-

dergate-street, with their papa's servant, whom he had kindly sent to conduct them home. And home they came, but it would be in vain for me to attempt to tell you what a pretty sight their meeting was.

When they entered the room, after making their obeisance, they ran, and both falling on their knees, begged their parents blessing. Mama could not speak for crying; she was so affected with joy. But Mr. Goodchild, raising them up in the most tender manner, said, "May
" Jesus bless you both!"—and kissing them, added, "God be praised for this
" mercy, in giving me to see my dear
" children again!"

After they had drank tea, Miss Betsey gave her mama an account of their rules and orders at school; how happy they lived there; how kind Mrs. Lovegood was to them; and how she taught them Morning and Evening prayers, which
they

they repeated. And as you (my little reader) might like to know them, and it may be to use them yourself, I will set them down. The Morning prayer was as follows.

A P R A Y E R.

“ O Almighty and most merciful God,
 “ who hast made me, and preserved me
 “ to this hour; look graciously upon me,
 “ and have mercy upon me. Thou hast
 “ promised, O Lord, that those who
 “ seek thee early, shall find thee; and
 “ I am now come to seek thy face and
 “ favor. Dear Jesus, when on earth,
 “ thou didst suffer little children to come
 “ unto thee: and I am come, O take me
 “ into thy arms of love, and make my
 “ young heart soft and tender; afraid of
 “ sin, and its terrible consequences! O
 “ make me highly to prize thy love in
 “ dying for sinners! and, Lord, be
 “ pleased

" pleased to give me a share in that love.
 " Make me humble, teachable and ho-
 " ly. Accept my praise for another
 " night's preservation, and be pleased to
 " continue the same care and protection
 " all this day. Instruct me, O Lord, in
 " all useful and necessary knowledge,
 " especially that which concerns my e-
 " ternal peace. Where-ever I am to-day,
 " be pleased to be with me. Whatever
 " I do to-day, may I do it to thy glory.
 " While I live, may I live to God; and
 " when I die, may I sleep in Jesus! and
 " after death admit me to heaven, to
 " ascribe glory to Father, Son, and Ho-
 " ly Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen."
 " OUR Father," &c. &c.

EVENING

EVENING PRAYER.

" O Lord, my God: most high! most
 " holy! and most gracious! Thou search-
 " est all hearts, and well knowest all that
 " I have this day done, said, or thought
 " amiss; forgive all most freely for the
 " sake of Jesus Christ. Cloathe my naked
 " soul with the spotless righteousness of
 " Jesus thy dear Son: wash my unclean
 " soul in his cleansing blood; sanctify
 " my unsanctified tempers and disposi-
 " tions, by thy Holy Spirit. Watch over
 " my body and soul this night while I
 " sleep. Graciously defend me from
 " every danger. Preserve also, O Lord,
 " all that dwell under this roof; and
 " bless my dear parents, and all my re-
 " lations; prosper and increase the mi-
 " nisters of thy gospel: and may every
 " one of my friends and acquaintance
 " acquaint themselves with Jesus, and be

" at peace with him. Glory be to thee,
 " O Lord, for my creation, preservation,
 " and all the comforts of this life, but
 " much more for the gift of gifts—a
 " precious Jesus. May my soul be found
 " in him, both now and for evermore.
 " Grant all my petitions, and accept my
 " praises, in the name and for the sake of
 " Jesus Christ, who, with the Father and
 " Holy Ghost, is one God over all, blessed
 " for ever. Amen and Amen."

These prayers, you see, are both very
 short and suitable; but at times they
 used other petitions, not set down here,
 according to their various wants; as when
 they were ill, or had got well again;
 when they were going a journey, or the
 like.

Master *Goodchild* also informed his pa-
 rents, that at school before family prayer,
 a chapter used to be read; and when
 it was done, each scholar was expected
 to repeat some verse or sentence, that
 they

they remembered, and this kept up their attention. And there they used to sing very pretty hymns, which, if you should like to learn, you may find them at the end of this book.

Well, before supper, when Mr. Goodchild's family were called up to prayer, you cannot think how glad all the servants were to see *Master* and *Miss* again; from which I conclude, that they behaved well before they left home. Their sweet voices made an agreeable addition to the song of praise, that every evening ascended from that happy (because pious) family. In short, it was as the house of God, and the very gate of heaven. For my part, I wish that those people who have no prayer in their families, had been there; methinks it would have made them much desire to repeat such pleasant scenes under their own roofs.

Jer. x. 25.

C H A P. II.

Of the Gallery of Pictures.

MASTER and Miss Goodchild, being having themselves so well, deserved indulgence; and they had what they deserved:—for they had not been at home long, when a great man, *John Benevolent, Esq.* hearing of them, invited them to his country house, at a very pleasant village near London; and he sent his own coach for them too. They were most cordially received, and kindly entertained indeed. Among the many curious things they saw, nothing pleased them better than a gallery of fine pictures, each of which had a *spiritual meaning*; and the Esquire was so obliging as to point out to them the instructive lessons, they were designed to teach. In order, therefore, to convey to our young readers some idea of the beautiful originals, we have

have been permitted, at no small expence, to have three of them elegantly engraved.

The first picture, which struck their attention, was a beautiful historical piece, very highly finished by a capital hand—of which the annexed plate is a copy.

N^o 1.

The little folks (as you will naturally suppose) were anxious to know the meaning of it—which gave rise to the following dialogue.

Master G. Pray, Sir, what does this picture represent?

Esq. My dears, you perceive a poor man almost drowned.

Miss G. Yes, Sir. And how came he there?

Esq. He was going over that great piece of water, in a little pasteboard boat. Being deluded by a man in black (who ought to have known better) he

foolishly thought that his boat would keep out the water, and convey him safely to the opposite shore. But, as soon as the wind blew, and the waves arose, his boat upset (you may just see the top of it), and the man fell into the water.

Miss G. Poor man! but pray, Sir, who is that gentleman on the bank?

Esq. My dear, that is a tender hearted good Prince: though he looks so plain, he lives in yonder fine palace on the high hill; and seeing (for he can see a great way) this poor creature fall in, he ran immediately to his relief—flung in the rope as you see, and bid the poor man lay fast hold, and he would draw him out.

Master G. Dear Sir, how kind! how very kind that was!

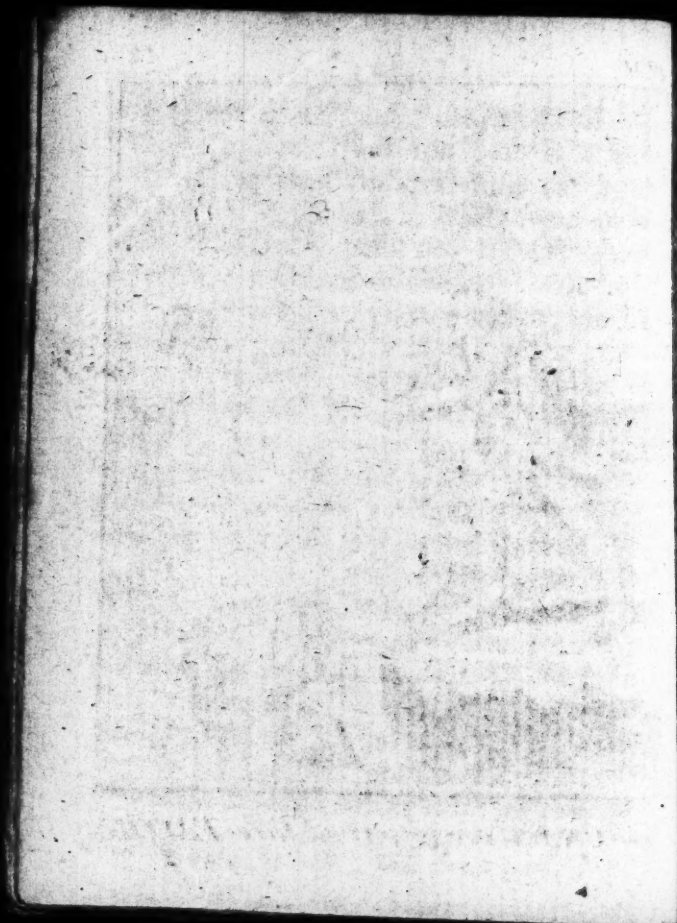
Esq. It was indeed.—The man can never be sufficiently thankful to him.

Miss G. And how excessively tight he seems to hold the rope!

Esq.



By GRACE are ye saved thro' FAITH.



Esq. My dear, he would not let it go for all the world ; his life is at stake—and if it had not been for the gentleman, he must certainly have perished — And now, children (added Mr. *Benevolent*), I'll tell you what *spiritual* instruction it is intended to convey. The man in his paper boat, is to shew you, how every man by nature (till taught of God) is ready to think that he may get to heaven, by what he can do himself. But it is absolutely impossible, for this reason. The HOLY LAW of God insists upon PERFECT OBEDIENCE, and nothing short of that will do.—But no man is now able to *obey perfectly*.

Therefore, unless the *perfect righteousness* of another is imputed to him, he must fall under the curse of the broken law—his *own best righteousness* will fail him, as this man's paper boat has done,—and if immediate assistance is not afforded, he must perish for ever and ever.

But

But that dear Prince, is to represent JESUS CHRIST, the King of kings and Lord of lords, who came from glory on purpose to seek and save the lost. The rope shews you, how we are saved by FAITH *. There is no merit in the man, nor in the rope, nor in his holding the rope. His deliverance from death is entirely owing to the Gentleman; and thus the whole glory of salvation is due alone to Christ.

Maſt. G. I dare ſay the poor man will not brag of ſaving himſelf.—I am ſure he ought to be very thankful.

Eſq. You ſay right, and ſo he was. The Gentleman took him afterwards, and gave him freſh cloaths, his own handſome livery, white turned up with red—and he dwells now in his palace, as happy as a prince.

Miſs G. I believe, Sir, I know the meaning of that.—Thus Jeſus brings to heaven,

* Faith, is taking God at his word.

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PASSION & PATIENCE.

heaven, all whom he converts and forgives ; so that he can say—*Not one of them is lost.*

Maft. G. How *dearly* the man must love him, how *desirous* must he be to *please* him ! I dare say the prince has no need to bid him *twice* to do any thing, or to threaten to turn him out of doors if he is not good.—I think if I was in his place, it would be *my meat and drink to do his will*, and I should want no other wages than his approbation.

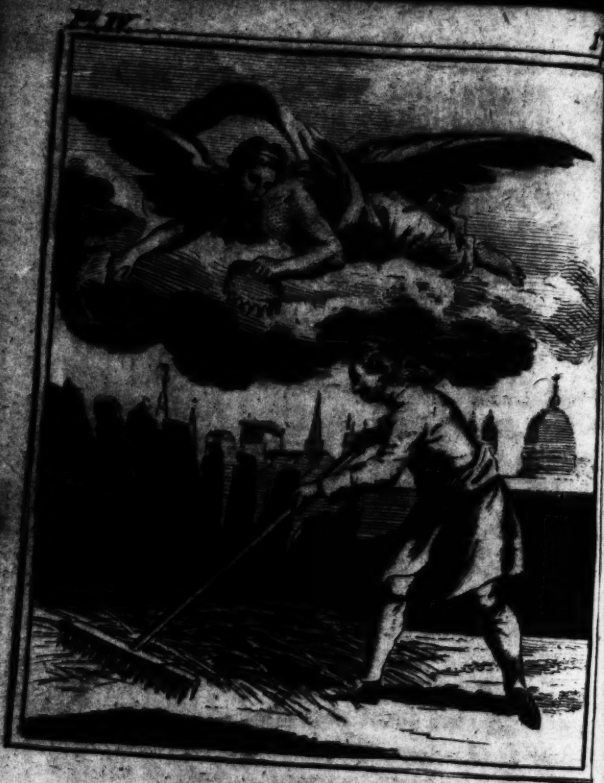
Esq. Well said, indeed.—O my dear children, remember then, thus cheerfully to love and obey a precious Saviour, who has redeemed us FROM THE CURSE OF the L.w, by becoming a CURSE FOR US.

Nº 2.

In the next picture, you see two boys ; He on the left-hand is named *PASSION*, the other's name is *PATIENCE*. You may perceive, *Passion* is much disquieted ; but *Patience* sits, with a bible in his

his hand, as quiet as a lamb ; and he is so happy, because he is content to wait till next year, for several pretty things his guardian has promised him. But *Passion* is thus disturbed, because he is determined to have all now. He is indeed a very wicked child—he is descended from *Dives*, whom you read of in the bible ; and *Patience* is descended from *Lazarus*, a very good, though a very poor man. They take after their ancestors very much ; for, as Mr. *Bunyan* informs us in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, a man came and brought to *Passion* a great bag of money, which he seized with prodigious eagerness ; and, at the same time laughing at *Patience*, called him a *sorry beggar* : but however, it was not long before he spent all he had, in riotous living ; lost his friends and his cash together, and has been seen himself not long ago begging about the streets. Whereas *Patience*, in time, by diligence and industry, got a
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The WORLDLING.

very comfortable estate, upon which
lives, and does a great deal of good
with it.

Master G. And pray, Sir, what is this
teach us ?

Esq. My dear, it is this—Never to co-
set present things, things which regard
only *this* world, but both quietly wait,
and patiently hope for your portion of
better things in a *better world*. All this
world calls good or great must either
leave us, or be left by us : And, it is
better to have our portion in heaven than
on earth, for this reason also, because, if
it is on earth, we are going *from* it ;
but if it be in heaven, we are going *to* it.

N^o 3.

Esq. What do you observe, Miss Good-
child, in this next picture ?

Miss G. Sir, I observe a man with a
rake in his hand, raking together all the
muck and straw ; and he seems to be
very busy indeed.

Esq.

E/q. But do not you observe something else?

Miss G. Yes, Sir, there is an angel over his head, that seems to want him to look up at a fine crown in his hand. How sweetly the angel smiles! but the man takes no notice. Will you please, Sir, to tell us its meaning?

E/q. My dears—The man who seems so busy in raking together nothing but dirt, is an emblem of the men of *this* world, *who rise early and sit up late, eating the bread of carefulness*, and all to get money. The angel represents the faithful ministers of Jesus Christ, who are using all the means they can, to engage poor careless sinners to think of eternal things; and shewing them what a crown they are despising for mere trash.—But, after all, as you observed, the man takes no notice of the angel, nor of the glorious crown, tho' it is worth a thousand times more than he will ever scrape together

as long as he lives. And thus, dear children, too, too many, labor and study only for the meat which perisheth, while they neglect the unspeakably important concerns of SALVATION ; and thus ministers *labor in vain, and spend their strength for nought.*—*Few believe their report, and to few is the arm of the Lord revealed.*

The very kind Gentleman, after having shewn them several other pictures of equal merit, dismissed them, with some pretty presents, especially a neat pocket bible to each, which (to them) was the most precious gift they could possibly receive.

When they returned home, they gave so distinct and pleasing an account of all they had seen, as highly delighted their parents ; especially as they took care to remember the instructive *explanation* of each piece, and were not, like most children, pleased with them merely as pictures.

Master

Master *Goodchild* particularly observed to his Papa, with what earnestness the man in the water kept hold the rope; and said, He hoped the Lord would help him, ever to hold Jesus fast by faith, for his Saviour, with the same degree of steadfastness.

Mr. *Goodchild* was so pleased with their remarks, that he promised they should see every thing that might be likely to advance their best interests; and accordingly, the next day, they went to the *Musæum*. An account of which you have in the following chapter.

C H A P. III.

Of the M U S Æ U M.

I MUST remark, in the first place, that *Billy* and *Betsy*, whenever they were to go abroad to see any fine sight, used always to pray for a blessing upon it. And

And they never went to see any thing, or engaged in any diversion; upon which they dared not to ask God's blessing.— And for that reason never went to plays, nor played at cards; they knew that all such diversions were unlawful.

They had been told what rare curiosities, of nature and art, were to be seen at the Musæum, and therefore they prayed, that, from seeing the wonderful things which God had made, and given wisdom to man to make, they might be led to adore the great Creator.

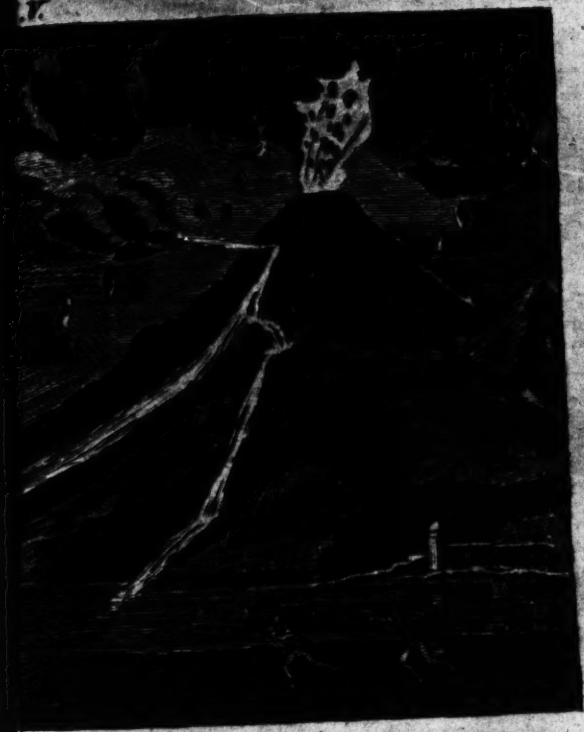
The first room they were led into, contained a vast variety of serpents, snakes, adders, and such like frightful creatures, many of which, though beautiful to look upon, were terrible when alive; having had sharp stings, and mortal poison under their tongues.

Miss *Goodchild* shuddered almost to look upon them; but Master *Billy* whispered his Papa, and said, These destructive

tive creatures put me in mind of that old and subtle serpent, who first persuaded Eve to sin against God, by breaking his commands, and so “ brought death into “ the world and all our woe.”

“ Yes, my dear (said a venerable dissenting minister, who shewed the curiosities), and so it did; but I hope “ you know that Christ the friend of sinners came, according to his promise, “ *to bruise the serpent’s head*: so that death “ to those who believe in him, is disarmed of his sting, and is no more hurtful “ than these vipers, now they are dead “ and bottled up in spirits.”

They were then led into a dark room, in which was a fine transparent picture of a burning mountain in Italy, called Vesuvius; from the top of which issued huge quantities of stones, and rivers of liquid fire poured down its side. The sight of such an awful scene, though but painted, filled every mind with solemnity, and every



Mount Vesuvius.

every face with fear.—And who can help
 sinking, said the minister who accom-
 panied them, of that dreadful day, which
 our eyes must behold; no *painted* fire,
 or *imaginary* thunders then, but all real;
 when the Elements must melt with fer-
 vent heat, the sun be turned into dark-
 ness, and the moon into blood; when the
 Son of man shall come in the clouds of
 heaven, in great glory, and all his holy
 angels with him, to take vengeance on
 his enemies, and to sentence all the sons
 of Adam to happiness or misery! *Oh!*
 said the little girl, *Oh that this, JUDGE*
may be our friend!—then we shall be safe.
 Here they were also shewn all manner
 of birds, and their nests—all sorts of
 butterflies, and other insects—curious
 helmets and swords—all sorts of shells
 and leaves, and more fine things than I
 could tell you of in an hour. But no-
 thing pleased Master *Goodchild* more than
 an old manuscript of the Bible in vellum,
 which

which the minister said was worth all the books there ; and so it was : for what would all the books in the world be without the Bible ? other books may make a man wise, in *worldly* wisdom : but it is only the BIBLE that can make a man *wise to SALVATION* ; this *only* teaches him how to live, and how to die : this tells him, how he may be happy here, and for ever happy. Oh ! prize it, my dear reader, never let a day pass without reading of it ; and be sure, when you read it, you pray to God to help you to understand it.

When they came home, they made many pretty remarks upon almost every thing they had seen : and what was still better, their minds were so much impressed, as to lead them to pray for more admiring and adoring thoughts of the great God who made all things with infinite wisdom : and that they might ever stand in awe of him, and not dare
any

any more to sin against him. Thus you see how they improved by whatever they saw : and in the next chapter we shall shew you, what sort of company they kept; how they spent their time together; and what use they had made of the good books, they read, by being able to relate, with so much propriety, remarkable histories of good and pious children, whom you will do well to imitate.

C H A P. IV.

The pious Assembly, and a very remarkable History.

WHEN the young gentlemen and ladies, who were acquainted with Master Goodchild and his sister, heard they were returned from boarding-school,

B they

they were very desirous to come and see them; so a day was fix'd on for that purpose; and when should it be, but *Twelfth-day*, and it happened that there were just twelve in company.—Well; after they had dined, it was proposed by Mr. *Goodchild* that, instead of the idle diversion of chusing king and queen (which he knew they were above), they should each tell some pretty history which they had read, that might tend to their mutual advantage. This being directly agreed upon, Mr. and Mrs. *Goodchild* withdrew, leaving only the young people together, that they might speak with the greater freedom.

MISS MILD, being the eldest in company, was desired to begin, which she was just about to do, when MASTER PRAYERFUL begged leave to ask, whether it was not proper first to pray for a blessing on their conversation—Certainly, said MASTER GOODCHILD, for I have often read that

text, which says, *In every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.* And I heartily acquiesce in the proposal, said MISS CANDOUR, for it is the custom of some very honorable persons, where mama visits, after dinner, to sing an hymn, and unite in prayer, which they say prevents the conversation from turning upon the failings of absent friends.

MASTER SERIOUS then prayed for a few minutes ; after which, the little company being again seated, Miss MILD introduced her story thus :

“ I apprehend, my dear young friends, that nothing can be more profitable to us, nor indeed more encouraging, than to hear of those, like us in age and capacity, whose early piety and whose happy deaths have witnessed, how much little children are the care of a compassionate Savior, who permitted,

“ when on earth, *such* to be brought to him, and declared, that *of such* is the kingdom of heaven.”

I have read of a poor boy, who came all in dirt and rags to a gentleman's door at Newington, crying for bread. Notwithstanding his filthy condition, the Lord disposed that generous man to take him in, and clothe him from head to foot, and bring him up as his own child.

This boy was as wicked, as he was poor; he used to take the Lord's name in vain, and curse and swear in a shocking manner: indeed he was guilty of all sorts of wickedness. But the gentleman, who had his eternal, as much or more than his temporal, good at heart, laboured to persuade him, of his natural depravity—of his sinful practices—of the worth of his soul, and the bitter consequences of sinning against God—of the uncertainty of life—the certainty of death
and

and a future judgment—he used often to pray *with*, and apart to pray *for* him.

Nor were his prayers long unanswer'd. In a few weeks time, a great change took place in the boy's outward behavior; which was once very uncivil, but now affable and courteous to all. And the change affected not his outward conduct *only*: but he began *privately* to weep, and mourn for his past offences; he would gladly attend on prayer; would listen with great attention to all his master said, about eternal things. And thus he continued to do, when the Lord visited him with sickness: he was taken ill: his body was full of pain: but the distress of his soul was greater still.—His sins now stared him in the face; he would lay and cry out, *Oh what shall I do!—What shall I do!—I fear there is no mercy for me!*

He was often told, there was mercy in Christ for the chief of sinners; yet he

was still afraid God would not have mercy on *him*, he was so vile a sinner. But at length he was helped to lay hold on this promise—*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* And then he would bless and adore the free and rich grace of God, that such a wretch as he should obtain pity and pardon.

Thus he abounded still more and more in prayer and praise, longing to be dissolved, that he might be with Christ.

Yet he had at times fears returning, lest after all he should be deceived. But the day before he died, a gentleman, came to see him, and blamed him much for giving way to doubts and fears, saying, it was as though all that had been told him were lyes, to deceive him—You say, you fear Christ will not accept you; perhaps, you are not willing to accept Christ. “*Indeed I am*, replied the boy.”

“Why then, child, said he, if thou art
“really

“ really willing to have Christ, Christ is
 “ a thousand times more willing to have
 “ thee, and wash thee in his blood.”
*Well ! (said the boy, leaping up in his
 bed), Well ! yea, all is well. Christ is
 willing, and I am willing too ; and now
 Christ is mine, and I am his for ever.* He
 continued from that moment, to his
 last, triumphing in full assurance of
 God’s love ; earnestly desiring his dis-
 mission, which next morning he ob-
 tained—and the last words he uttered
 were, *Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit
 my spirit ;* and so he slept in Jesus.—
 He was but just turned of nine years of
 age.

And Oh, what a sweet smile of ap-
 plause sat on every countenance, when
 the story was finished ! each of the dear
 young people saying, *Oh that I may die
 the death of the righteous, and that my lat-
 ter end may be like his !*

C H A P. V.

*Remarkable Conversion of several Children
at the Orphan-house in Georgia.*

MASTER TIMOTHY then obliged the company with the following history.

You have, doubtless, heard of the Orphan-house in Georgia, founded by the late *Rev. Mr. Whitefield*. His heart, you know, always longed for the salvation of precious souls, especially of young people ; and it was not long after the school there was settled, that the Lord was pleased to answer the wishes of his heart. For in the year 1741, *Mr. Barber*, the superintendant of their spiritual affairs, wrote a letter to *Mr. Whitefield*, which I shall take the liberty to read.

“ *Bethesda,*

“ Bethesda, March

“ My very dear Brother, 21, 1741.

“ **N**EVER—no, never did my eyes
 “ see such a sight, nor my ears
 “ hear such a sound, as in the day past;
 “ and Oh how will your soul rejoice,
 “ when you hear what it was! it was
 “ nothing less wonderful than a great
 “ number of *little children* in your Or-
 “ phan-house, crying out after the
 “ Lord. After dinner, brother *Periam*
 “ had left them in the school, picking
 “ cotton; and, while they were work-
 “ ing, one of them said to another, *If*
 “ *we do not believe in the Lord Jesus*
 “ *Christ, we shall all go to hell;* and
 “ added, that *the children of God prayed*
 “ *to God.* Immediately the boy, to
 “ whom he spake, fell down upon his
 “ knees, and began to pray; and then
 “ another, till they were all on their
 “ knees together, praying.—Providence
 “ so ordered it, that some of the family

B 5

“ heard

“ heard them, and ’twas not long before
 “ the whole family were gathered around
 “ them. Oh how did the awful and
 “ pleasing sight strike us, and melt
 “ us into a flood of tears!—The dear
 “ little lambs continued crying out, with
 “ the trembling jailor, *What must we*
 “ *do to be saved?* They prayed, Lord
 “ God Almighty, have compassion upon
 “ us; prick us to the heart, and pluck
 “ us as firebrands out of the burning:
 “ and, O Lord Jesus Christ, wash us in
 “ thy blood—O Lord, take away our
 “ hard, stony hearts, and give us hearts
 “ of flesh.—And how did the little souls
 “ plead with God!—Lord, hast thou not
 “ said, that *those that seek thee early, shall*
 “ *find thee?* and that *thou wilt not quench*
 “ *the smoking flax, nor break the bruised*
 “ *reed?* And I heard one of them say,
 “ Lord, thou hast said, that *we shall be*
 “ *all taught of thee.*—Thus they conti-
 “ nued crying after the Lord an hour
 “ or

“ or two ; and I am convinced, not only
 “ by what I *saw*, but *felt*, that the Lord
 “ was present with us,” &c. &c.

Miss Lydia, his sister, being desired to relate something, began thus :— Since the company appear so much, and so justly affected with what my brother has said, I shall attempt to tell you, as well as I can, the substance of another letter from the same person, about half a year after.

At family prayer, one evening, he read the *25th chapter of Matthew* ; spoke a little from it, about the day of judgment, and had the pleasure to observe many of the children very attentive and much affected.

After he had, as usual, lighted them to bed, and retired to his own chamber, a child came and told him, that one of the boys wanted to speak with him ;— he went directly. Before he got to the chamber,

chamber, he heard a noise, and, when he came in, found many praying, *that the Lord Jesus would have mercy on them.* One of them told him, *He had a hard heart.* He prayed with them ; and, after he had left them, some continued praying in deep distress, great part of the night.

When he visited them in the morning, asking one what he wanted ; he answered with tears in his eyes, He wanted *Jesus Christ.*

After this, it was observable, that they sought all opportunities to be by themselves, and pray.

What, then, can we think of children that never pray to God ? When all converted people begin immediately to pray. May this, my young friends, quicken us all to more diligence in this delightful duty.

Miss Melody, not being able, then, to recollect any history, obliged her friends with the following hymn.

1.

Come join with me, companions dear,
To bless the Savior's name ;
And everlasting honours rear
To God, and to the Lamb.

2.

For children (O what wondrous grace !)
The Lord was crucify'd :
For Adam's vile apostate race
The Savior bled and dy'd. }

3.

Here we may love without restraint,
Nor fear to prize too high :
Christ is the song of ev'ry saint
On earth, or in the sky.

Lord,

'Lor !, with thy grace anoint mine eyes,
 Throughout my darkness shine ;
 O make me to salvation wise,
 My ALL, be ever Mine !

C H A P. VI.

*Containing the History of a sad, wicked
 Child, and his miserable Death.*

MASTER Samuel, whose turn it was next, said, he had frequently met with this observation, that CONTRARIES ILLUSTRATE ; and therefore, as a contrast to those pleasing histories already recited, he hoped it might be profitable to relate an account of a very *wicked boy*, in order both to warn us against *his* faults, and excite *our* gratitude to God, and thankfulness to our friends, for *his* grace and *their* instruction.

The

The boy, whose story I am about to tell, was named JACK PERVERSE, and his nature was answerable to his name.

Tho' his parents sent him to a very good school, yet he was such a dunce, that he could not read a single verse in the Testament without blundering; and when he was reprov'd, us'd to answer again with impertinence; and was so sulky and obstinate, that correction only made him worse. When any mischief was going forward at school, he was sure to be found at the head of it: by which means his book was neglected, his task left undone; and then to avoid punishment, he would play truant; the consequence of which was, that he was not only well flogged, but a heavy log was also fastened to his leg, and a great fool's cap put upon his head; so that he became the sport and derision of all that beheld him.

His

His master, in order to reclaim him, would sometimes call him up and speak thus to him.—“ Child, you should remember that your good father put you under my care, that you might improve in useful knowledge, and so be fit, when you leave school, to enter the world with credit : but if you continue your bad ways and neglect your learning, your dear father will be grieved and disappointed, I shall be discredited, and you will be ruined.”

Now, one would have thought that such kind advice as this would have had some weight with him : but alas ! it had none : He still continued idle and obstinate, despising both his master and his counsel.

He was not only idle, but cruel.—He used to catch flies on purpose to torment them ; and was guilty of that
horrid

horrid practice of making cockchafers spin, by putting a crooked pin through their tails and hanging them by a bit of thread, which puts them in terrible agonies. — When this was mentioned, several of the company immediately burst into tears, they were so shocked at any thing that was cruel. And Master TENDER could not help saying, “ I’m astonished at the hardness of that heart, which can take delight in beholding the agonies of poor dumb creatures ; and it brings to my mind what I once read of the wise ATHENIANS, who condemned a boy for putting out the eyes of birds with a hot needle, judging that such seeds of cruelty would necessarily grow up into more dreadful acts of violence, and endanger the lives of men and the happiness of mankind : The boy was therefore put to death. — But I beg pardon for this interruption.”

Master

Master SAMUEL then resumed his narration.—I have mentioned already his bad behaviour at *school*, and his wickedness at his *diversions*; I shall only trouble you farther with an account of his perverse conduct at *home*, and his irreverent disposition at *church*; which I think together make up a boy as bad as boy can be!

In the morning he would lie a-bed very late, even after he was called; hurry over his prayers like a parrot, and sometimes if he thought he should not be found out, would wholly omit them; and then if asked about them. he would tell a lye to hide his sin, and so make it double, you know.

When his papa was at prayer in the family, he would be looking about him, instead of making every petition his own; and at evening prayer was often found asleep. If he was sent on an errand, he would loiter and play by the
the

the way, sometimes quite forgetting his message, and sometimes delivering a wrong one.

His behaviour to the servants was extremely haughty and insolent, always speaking ill of them behind their backs, and laying his own faults to their charge, and yet to their faces would fawn and flatter, if he could get any thing by it.

But the worst of all was his **IRREVERENCE** at Church; he did not go there, as good boys do, to meet with God, and learn more of *Jesus Christ* and their *duty*, but only because he was obliged to go. He never prayed before he went, for a blessing upon the minister, and that he might get good: and when there, he would stare about him, observe every body that came in, take notice how this and that person was dressed, but did not **PRAY** in *prayer*, nor mind the *sermon*, but frequently laughed

laughed at it and the minister too. He little thought of those wicked children we read of in the *2d Book of Kings*, who laughed at a great minister in those days, the prophet ELISHA, calling him a *bald head*, and making game of him, they ought highly to have honoured ; and the Lord sent two great frightful bears out of the wood, and killed no less than two-and-forty of them. We may see, my friends, that GOD ALMIGHTY takes notice of, is displeased with, and punishes, naughty boys and girls as well as naughty men and women ; and that he does so *still* is evident, for *Jack Perverse*, one Sunday afternoon, after he had been making game of the minister and his message, he went with a boy of his acquaintance, as bad as himself, to wash in the river, and there *he* getting out of his depth, and the *other* being seized with the cramp, were both drowned ; and so taken away suddenly,

with

with all their sins, unrepented of and unforgiven, to stand before God in judgment. Thus we see that the way of sin is *down hill*; and how children are hurried on from one crime to another, 'till all ends in the ruin of soul and body. May God keep us all, said the little pious company, from all the ways of sin and *the least appearance of evil*! Then they sung the following hymn of Dr. Watts.

1.

Our tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

2.

The lips that dare be so prophane,
To mock, and jeer, and scoff
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

When

3.

When children, in their wanton play,
Serv'd old *Elisha* so,
And bid the prophet go his way,
“ Go up, thou bald-head, go :”

4.

God quickly stopt their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears.
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

5.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners ne'er so young !
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

6.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise,
Employ my youngelt breath ;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death. C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

Of a very good girl, that died very happy before she was seven years old.

MISS GOODCHILD then begged leave to relate some few passages from the life of *Miss Carteret Rede*, who was the daughter of a gentleman in *Wiltshire*.

She gave remarkable proofs of her early piety; for being asked, when she was no more than four years of age, who was her greatest enemy? she replied, *Sin was her greatest enemy*. Soon after, when reading in the second chapter of St. Luke's gospel, about Joseph and Mary, *that there was no room for them in the inn*, and that the *BABE* was laid in a manger; she burst into a flood of tears, saying, *What! was there no room in the inn*

inn for the Lord of glory, but must HE lie in a manger among the beasts ?

One morning when she was not well, she began her prayer thus, O Lord, look down upon me, and give me the knowledge of thyself; take sin out of my heart, that I may be thy child: with several such like expressions.

When she had done, she said, I have a pretty lesson in my book which is about God's sending the Lord Jesus to die for poor sinners. At another time, when sitting by the fire, she burst into tears; and being asked what was the matter, she said, I do offend the Lord in all I do. At another time, I must be more afraid of sinning against God than of being whipt, for it is God that gives us food and raiment, and every thing.

One evening she went to her father, and said, Pray for me, that God would pardon all my sins; and that he would take away this wicked heart, and that I may be
with

with God when I die. Just before she was taken ill, she was reading the 55th of Isaiah, she stopt and said, *Nothing but the blood of Christ can cleanse me from sin.* Her mother asked her, Whether she did not think, that being good, and doing good works would save her? She replied, *Our righteousness is a sinful righteousness, therefore it cannot save us.*

A little kinswoman and she being at play, they happened to fall out, but presently Carteret recollecting he self, said to her, *Cousin, don't we know that Christ died for us, why should we fall out?*

Soon after she was taken ill, and was one evening earnest, with tears, that Christ might be revealed to her; she said, *I must have Christ, I cannot tell what to do without him.* One said, *Cannot your prayers save you? Oh! no,* said she, *Nothing but Christ can do it.*

At another time, not long before her death, she said, *This scripture is come to*

my mind, He will have mercy on whom he will have mercy; and he will have mercy on me. Soon after, being asked, Does God lift up the light of his countenance upon you? she said, *I hope he does.* And are you willing to go to Christ? *I hope I am.* The agonies of death coming on, the last word she spoke to her father was, *Pray for me.*

While he prayed with her she lay very still, and about eleven o'clock on the 7th of December, 1701, she fell asleep in Jesus.

When Miss Goodchild had finished the history of *Carteret*, which she told with great modesty, they agreed to sing the following hymn.

1.

Happy's the child whose youngest years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2. When

2.

When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
 A flower, when offered in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.

3.

'Tis easier work, if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes;
 While sinners that grow old in sin,
 Are harden'd in their crimes.

4.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.

5.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
 Our childhood we resign;
 'Twill please us to look back, and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

C H A P. VIII.

*Of another very good child.**

MISS Candour then obliged the company with several particulars of a child, who died in the Lord, no longer ago than the year 1775.

Being ill, prayer was put up for him in the public congregation; after which he said, to some about him, "*The Lord has answered prayer: I know now that the Lord loves me, and will save me: God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid.*"* Before this he had strong fears of death.

One day he said, *O how I love those two sweet chapters, the 12th of Isaiah and 20th of John—God is my salvation. How I love my father for teaching me to read the bible! If I should live to be a man,*

* Master Rogers, of Brighthelmstone.

I would

I would give every body in my house a bible.

The Lord led him into a sight of the iniquities of his heart ; for he told one, *That the last time he had his new cloaths on he was so proud, that if his life were spared, he should be afraid ever to put them on again—*On Easter-Sunday he told his father, *I find we must have a better righteousness than our own ; for I have often, when hearing preaching at the chapel, thought how good I would be, that I never would be undutiful, or play with naughty boys any more ; but as soon as the next day came, I was as bad as ever : so I am sure our own righteousness will not do.*

He saw his mother weeping, and said to her, *Don't grieve ; I can tell you of one who had a greater trial than you have : Abraham, you know, was to offer up his son.* Yes, my dear, said his mother, but I have not Abraham's faith. *Alas,* mother, replied he, *God can give it you.*

When he had been peevish and fretful, he mourned over his evil tempers, and looking earnestly at his mother, said, *Mother, passion is my besetting sin; but the Lord will pardon me, because he loves me.*

He told the Rev. Mr. Peckwell, who visited him, *It was ungrateful in people to run away from CHRIST.* Mr. Peckwell asked him, how it was that he did not run from him—His answer was, *Because the Lord loves me.* But if you get well again, don't you think you shall run away from him? *No,* he replied, *the Lord loves me too well to let me.* What would you say to your playmates, if you could see them now? *I would call them to CHRIST.*

How kind it was in CHRIST to die for me! O I want to die, because the Lord loves me!

During his illness, he would frequently say, *Lord, look on a poor afflicted*

*suffered child. Mother, see your dying child :
I want to die and go to my sisters.*

In the morning of April 28, he said,
I shall be gone before night. One asked,
Where? *To heaven,* said he.—A little
before his departure he cried out, *Come
down my God and take me up to heaven ;
and take that devil down to hell.* Soon
after this he was released. and expired
repeating these words, **MY GOD—MY
GOD—MY GOD !**

1.

There is beyond the sky
A heav'n of joy and love ;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

2.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains ;
There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire and chains.

3.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end ?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend ?

4.

Then I will read and pray,
While I have life and breath,
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t'eternal death.

C H A P. IX.

*Of God's Providence, and remarkable
Instances of it.*

WE have seen, said Master Considerate (who sat next) in a pleasing variety of instances, the power of divine Grace, in changing the hearts of
many

many little children like ourselves, and as we have spoken so much of GRACE, it may not be amiss a little to consider the PROVIDENCE of GOD, as very prettily held out in the story of a hermit, which I have read in a book in my papa's study.

A certain HERMIT, who had passed the greatest part of his life in the midst of a lonely desert, far remote from mankind, whose food was the fruits of the earth, and his drink the chrystal fountain—might have continued his repose and quiet, had not this temptation arose in his mind, *Whether Providence guided the actions of men or no?* For, said he, if GOD really directs all things, how happens it that good men often suffer many injuries from the wicked, and wicked men so often prosper?

To clear up this matter, he determined, tho' very old, to leave his retirement and visit the world. Accordingly

he arose at break of day, and after travelling a long time, he perceived a beautiful youth hastening across the plain. *Good day to you, honoured Father,* said the youth ; and *Good day to you,* replied the sage. Very agreeable conversation ensued, and they travelled together 'till night approached.

Observing a stately palace just by, in which dwelt a proud, but hospitable knight. they stepped up to the door, and giving a gentle knock, were immediately admitted. An elegant supper was served up, and numerous servants waited upon them ; after which, being fatigued, they retired to bed, and did not wake 'till morning.

They were then called up to a sumptuous breakfast, and rich wines were handed round in a large golden cup. When they had eat and drank as much as they pleased, they returned many thanks to the courteous knight, and
were

were dismissed. No one had reason to be sorry but the kind landlord, for the young man was so ungrateful as to steal the *golden cup*.

They had not gone far before the youth shewed the cup to the aged hermit. He stood astonished at his ingratitude, almost wished to get rid of such a companion, but did not dare to mention his wish; however, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, thought how hard it was, that generous actions should be so strangely reward.

The weather now became cloudy; the wind rustled; the cattle scudded home for shelter; and such a storm of rain fell, as made them glad to see an old gothic gentleman's seat; upon a rising ground, near at hand. They hastened to the door, where they long knocked without admittance. At last the miserly master of the house, with slow and cautious steps, came to the door, which he opened with suspicious

suspicious care. They were but half welcomed :—only one little faggot lighted the naked walls ; a poor pittance of coarse bread and some stale small beer was brought for their refreshment :—even this was grudged, and as soon as ever it began to clear up, they were bid to be gone.

The hermit was surprised to think that a man of such vast possessions should lead such a miserable life ; and he almost blamed Providence, for permitting so much wealth to lay useless in his hands : but how was he astonished when the young man informed him, that he had rewarded the miser with the *golden cup*, which was stolen from their former generous benefactor !

Night again came on, and once more they sought a place of rest. Looking round, they perceived a mansion not far off ; it was neither mean nor grand, but seemed to speak the mind of its owner,
a man

a man content and benevolent. Hither they repaired, and were kindly received : they were not only well entertained as to refreshment, but the host talked like a serious, pious man.

In the morning, just before they departed, the youth went to a cradle, in which was a pretty infant (the pride and joy of it's aged father) and broke it's neck—But oh ! how looked the hermit ! *Strange return*, he cried, *for so much hospitality !*

Confused and struck with horror, the old man was determined, at any rate, to get rid of so vile a companion. He fled—but the youth pursued and soon overtook him. And as the country laid wide, and the roads were not easy to find, a servant of their last host went before to shew the way. They had occasion at last to pass a river, when the youth, who seemed to watch every opportunity of doing mischief, approached the

the careless guide, as he was crossing the wooden bridge, and pushed him into the river ; he cried for help, but in vain : he sunk, to rise no more !

The hermit's eyes now sparkled with rage : he overcame his fears, and thus exclaimed — “ *Detested wretch !* ” — but before he could speak another word — his companion seemed no longer a man : he appeared as an angel from Heaven. The hermit stood astonished and knew not what to say. — The angel thus addressed him ; “ The Almighty Creator has a right to do as he pleases with his own — Learn the mystery of Providence — That vain man, who fared sumptuously every day, was too luxurious to be good : he was proud of his sideboard of plate, and forced his guests to drink morning draughts of wine : by losing that golden cup, he has broke off that custom ; but still welcomes every



The Hermit.

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every stranger, tho' with less pomp and expence.

As for that suspicious miser, with whom I left the cup, he may learn, that if mortals will be kind, Providence can well repay their benovolence ; conscious of this, his icy bosom now, for the first time, feels the warmth of compassion.

The child of our pious friend had almost weaned his affections from God ; but to teach him better, the LORD, to save the the father, has taken the child. To all but us he seemed to go off in fits, and I was ordained to call him hence. The poor father, now humbled in tears, owns that the punishment was just.

But had the false servant, whom I drowned, returned back in safety, what a fund of charity would have been lost ! for he had laid a plot against the life of his master, and this very night intended to put it in execution.—Thus
then

then be instructed, no more to dispute
the wisdom of Providence ;

But ever more confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to
trust.

I remember, said Master *Josiah*, that
some good men we read of in the
Psalms, have been under the same temp-
tation ; for the Psalmist says, *That his
feet had well nigh slipt, for he was en-
vious at the foolish, when he beheld the
prosperity of the wicked :* but when he
went to the House of God, and learned
their miserable end, he no more repined
at Providence ; but was content to be
any thing here, so he might but have
Heaven at last, and Grace to carry him
there.

Then they sung this pretty hymn.

PROVIDENCE.

God moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform :
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Judge not the LORD by feeble sense ;
 But trust him for his Grace :
 Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour :
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

A pretty history of a pious young lady, well worthy the imitation of my little readers.

IN my father's library (said Master *Prayerful*) is a most excellent little book, giving an account of *Emilia Geddie*, from her infancy to her death, which happened February 2d 1688, when she was about sixteen. I can only promise you a few particulars which I remember. 'Twas remarked of her, That before she could speak, if she had been crying, or out of humour, (as you know little folks too often are) if she perceived any of the family where she was, we e about to go to prayer, she would be perfectly silent in a moment, and continue as quiet as a lamb, during the whole time of worship.

As

As soon as she could speak, she would ask questions about God and the creation.—For instance, Whether the sun shined on her grandfather and grandmother? and when she was told, that the same sun gave light to all the world: she replied, *Ought we not then to love that God who made all these things, and gave them to us?*

Before she was three years old, she used to ask a blessing on her food, with words of her own.

One day, when her mother had re-proved her for not giving a good account of her lesson, she was afterwards found weeping; and being asked, Why do you weep? you was not beat: she answered, “ *I had rather been beat than anger my mother; the thought of my mother’s being angry makes me weep.*”

Being sorely troubled in soul, she went to a good woman of her acquaintance, who asked, the cause of her distress;

truss; to which she answered, "*The devil takes the good word out of the very bottom of my heart, and often says to me, What needs all this noise with your religion? Other children will get to Heaven as soon as you. Being asked what she did when so tempted; replied, I know no other way than to carry them to the Lord in prayer: and I desire God's people to pray for me, for my prayers are of no strength, nor theirs neither, without Christ.*"

One day, being dressed fine in white and red ribbons; one said, I suppose you think yourself very fine, she answered, "*I shall never think that, until I get on the clean and fair robe of Christ's imputed righteousness, and then I shall be truly fine and clean.*"

She would frequently give money to the beggars, and follow them to the outward gate of the house where she lived, and used to instruct them, shewing them that there was a God and a hell:

hell: she would reprove them for their wicked lives, plainly telling them, That swearing, drinking and sabbath-breaking would bring them to hell.

She was so earnest in secret prayer, that every word she uttered seemed to come from the bottom of her heart.

She learned much of the scripture by heart, and could correctly repeat many chapters, particularly the 8th of Romans, which she said, was a whole bible to her: also the 15th, 16th and 17th chapters of St. John's gospel, the 11th of Hebrews, many of the Psalms, and almost all Solomon's Song, &c. She was asked, Why she got so much by heart, seeing she had a bible at hand? She answered, *I fear the time will come that I shall want it, and I cannot live without the precious Bible.*

When she was exercised with strong pains of the gravel, her patience was truly admirable; never uttering a rash word,

word, or giving the least signs of impatience or weariness. " *I have heard (she would say) of many sick persons, who have said, when it was morning, O that it were evening! and when it was evening—O that it were morning! but as for me, I must confess, to the glory of free grace, that the time, night and day, is made pleasant to me by the Lord; when it is evening, it is pleasant; and when it is morning, I am refreshed.*"

Being asked, what supported her, she answered, *I look on my trouble as the fruit of my sin.*

I am made to wonder it has not been always so with me.

I am helped to bless the Lord, that it is no worse.

Means are used, and I look to him to bless them as far as he sees good.

I submit, whether for life or death. And I have the faith that it will be better, for I reckon, that the sufferings of the present

time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.

Not long before she died, this scripture came to her mind. *Give me thine heart* ; to which she replied, *O reasonable demand—if I had a thousand hearts thou art worthy of them all.*

On the Saturday night before her death, she often said, *This following sabbath will be my last* ; and expressed a vehement desire for an everlasting sabbath.

Having slept till 8 o'clock, and finding it was so late, she said, *she thought to have spent it better than to sleep so long.* After this she mentioned with admiration, almost all the names and titles given to Christ in his holy word. She also spoke something concerning every one to the astonishment of all that heard her. *He is*, said she, *the chief of ten thousands*, and added, *the chief of all to me.*

Somebody thinking that she was just departing, brought a light to see ; but she smiled and said, *I shall not die just now.*—How do you know that ? *I miss that promised presence, which for many a day, I have believed I shall get in the moment of death.*

Thro great weakness she had not been able to raise her head up in bed, but now she arose and set strait up, prayed to God, and pleaded his promises, saying, *Now let it be according to thy precious word to my soul, for there is nothing in me ; adding, It is only upon the blood of the Lord Jesus, and the faithfulness of God, I depend.*

After this a little wine was given her, and she said, *Now no more of the creature ;* and immediately desired her mother to pray. When her mother was giving her up to God, she was observed to smile, and as soon as prayer was done she closed her eyes and lips, as

one falling asleep, and so quietly resigned her soul to God.

Master *Tender*, who should have spoke next, was so very much affected, that he begged to be excused relating any history : He could only say, *I pray God to make us all like Emilia Geddie.*—But however they sung the following hymn.

1.

Come, children, learn to fear the Lord ;
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2.

Depart from mischief, practice love,
Pursue the works of peace ;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

D

3. He

3.
 He bids his angels pitch their tents
 Round where his children dwell ;
 What ills his heav'nly care prevents
 No earthly tongue can tell.

4.
 O ! children, come and taste his love,
 Come learn his pleasant ways,
 And let your own experience prove
 The sweetness of his grace.

C H A P. XI.

*The History of Edward the VIth. King of
 England, who was a good Boy and a
 good King.*

WE have hitherto, said Master Jo-
siab, (who sat next) heard of
 those whose lot was cast (as most of God's
 people



King Edward the VI.th

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people are) in the lower ranks of life ; but I have read of one most illustrious prince, who was much more honourable by his grace than his earthly dignities.

Prince *Edward* was but just nine years old, when, by the death of his father, he became KING OF ENGLAND.

He was possessed of such extraordinary qualifications, that the nation entertained (and very justly, I think) the highest expectations of lasting happiness and prosperity.

It was among his least commendations, that he was surprisngly learned for his age ; he was able to speak Latin fluently, and was well versed in Greek, Italian and other languages, in the acquirement of which knowledge, he was always ready to leave his diversions, when the appointed hour of study returned.

No sooner was he settled upon the throne, than he promoted, by every means he could, the great work of re-forming *England* from popish idolatry and superstition, by enacting good laws and encouraging and promoting all pious, learned and diligent men, whether bishops or others, who faithfully explained and enforced the truths of the gospel.

The nation, having but just shook off popish superstition and cruelty, retained still too much of what always belonged to popery, I mean PERSECUTION for conscience sake.

A warrant was brought for the young king to sign, for the burning *Joan of Kent*, who was condemned as an heretic. He was extremely unwilling to do it; but archbishop *Cranmer* and others using many arguments, at last overpersuaded him. When he had signed his name, with tears in his eyes, he said, *If I have*
done

done wrong, Cranmer, you shall answer it at the day of judgment.

At another time, the same archbishop had been pleading with him to permit his popish sister *Mary* (afterwards the bloody butcher of God's people) to have *MASS* performed publickly in her house; he could not, by the strongest arguments, be prevailed upon to consent. The archbishop coming out of the King's presence, met with Mr. *Cheeke*, who had been his schoolmaster, and saluted him thus—Sir, you may be glad all the days of your life, that you had the education of such a scholar: adding, That the king had more divinity in his little finger than they had in both their whole bodies.

In *January*, the beginning of the 7th year of his reign, he fell sick, and in the time of his sickness bishop *Ridley* preached before him, and much recommended works of charity, especially to

those who were rich and great. After dinner the king sent for him, and after thanking him for his sermon, repeated the principal parts of it; and then added, *I take myself to be chiefly touched in your speech; for as in the kingdom I am next under GOD, so I ought to be most like Him in mercy and goodness. Therefore, as you have given me this general exhortation, direct me, I beseech you, by what particular act, I may best discharge my duty.*

The bishop being astonished, as well he might, declared to the king that he was not prepared at present to answer so weighty a question; but if his majesty pleased, he would consult with the city of London, and return him their answer.

In consequence of this, the poor were ranked in three classes; for each of which, the king gave some houses, and lands; and founded the Blue-Coat-School, and

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St. Bartholomew's-Hospital, in Smithfield, and the Bridewell, by Fleet-Ditch : which being done, he thanked God, for prolonging his life to finish that business.

But, alas ! this pious prince, of whom England was not worthy, was soon to be removed from his earthly throne, to be crowned with never fading glory.

When he was about sixteen he was seized with a consumption, which daily growing upon him, soon threatened his dissolution.

Physicians and others tried all the powers of physic in vain : he was given over, and death hastily approached.

About three hours before he died, his eyes being closed, and thinking nobody was within hearing, he offered up this prayer.

O Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me amongst thy chosen ; howbeit not my will but thine be done : Lord, I commit my soul

to thee ; O Lord, thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee ; yet for thy chosen's sake send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee. O Lord, my God, bless thy people, and save thine inheritance. O Lord God, save thy chosen people of England. O my Lord God, defend this realm from popery, and maintain thy true religion, that I and thy people may praise thy holy name, for thy Son Jesus Christ's sake.

Then turning his face and seeing some nigh, he said, *Are you so nigh ? I thought you had been farther off.* Many fervent prayers he put up ; and his last words were these, *I am faint, Lord have mercy upon me, and take my spirit ;* and so committed his pious soul into the hands of his heavenly father.

He died July 6, 1553, in his 17th Year.

Why should I say, 'tis yet too soon
To seek for Heav'n, or think of death ?
A flow'r

A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Should slight the gracious calls of
I may be harden'd in my sin, [heav'n,
And never have repentance giv'n.

What if the Lord in wrath should swear,
Whilst I neglect to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day:

C H A P. XII.

*Which is the last Chapter, and a very
pretty one it is.*

MASTER Goodchild being at home,
was the last to speak : and he told
the Story of the *prodigal Son*, which is re-
lated in the 15th ch. of St. Luke.

You must undoubtedly, my dear friends (said he) remember reading in the Bible of a rich and great man, who had two sons. The younger of them, though he had all the indulgence that a good boy could wish for, and more than a bad one deserved, was nevertheless so naughty as to wish to be from under his father's eye, and so be able, without restraint or reproof, to indulge himself in all manner of wickedness with greediness.—Accordingly he applies to his father, and for that purpose desires to have all that was intended for him: and the good-natured parent, unwilling to cross his inclination, consents to his request, and gives him a great deal of money.

The rake, overjoyed with his success, scrapes together all he could, and as soon as ever he could, sets off (oh! it was the worst thing he ever did in his life) into the country, a great way off, where his father might neither see nor hear from

from him : from which, you see it's plain he did not love his parents, and so broke the fifth commandment.

Being now (forsooth) his own master ; and neglecting God, Prayer and his Bible ; and having no kind father to consult—he gave the full swing to all sensual lusts and passions ; and like most extravagant people, soon spent all he was worth—lost his money and friends (such as they were) together : and at the same time a famine happening, it's no wonder that he came to want a morsel of bread.

In this distress, his pride being brought down, he was glad of any employment to get him a penny ; so after having lived like a swine, he was fain to become a feeder of swine ; and still, bread being so scarce, he could not get a bit, then he would gladly have filled his belly with the husks the swine eat, but even these were denied him.

O ! how little did he think, when at home, with good cloaths on his back, a plentiful table, a warm fire side, and a comfortable bed, that by one rash act he should be brought into such distress, as to want cloaths, food, fire and lodging : all these he wanted, and instead of his pious father, his brother and other friends to converse with, all his company were the grunting pigs, and his best apartment a hog-sty.

But however, when he came to himself, and used that reflection he had been long a stranger to, he began to reason thus with himself ; “ Fool that I
 “ am ! thus to remain in hunger and
 “ wretchedness, when in my father’s
 “ house there is plenty of every thing !
 “ where the meanest servant has more
 “ than enough !—I will arise and go to
 “ my father, and though he might well
 “ reject me, frown at me, and call me
 “ rebel, as I am ; yet sure he retains a
 “ parent’s

“ parent’s heart ; his compaffion will
 “ kindle when he fees his fon, and I
 “ won’t conceal or deny any of my
 “ faults ; but will fay—*Father I have*
 “ *finned againft Heaven and before thee,*
 “ *and am no more worthy to be called thy*
 “ *fon ; give me the meaneft place in*
 “ *thy houfe, and I’ll be thankful.*”

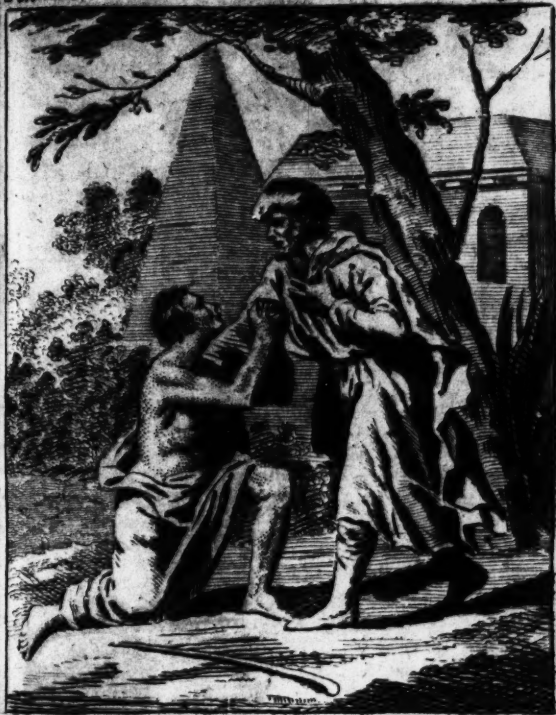
No fooner faid than done. Up he
 gets ; and tho’ he had now no chaise or
 horfe to convey him home, he trudged
 as faft as he could, on foot, nor would
 any thing ftop him, till within fight of
 home.

The dear aged father, who had often
 caft a wifeful eye towards that *far*
country, whither his poor boy was fled,
 was now, perhaps, walking upon his
 houfe, or on fome lofty terras in his
 garden, and fees—what ?—his fon ?—
 yes ; it was, his poor fon : but O how
 changed ! once he was a tall, hand-
 fome, healthy looking lad ; but now a
 poor,

poor, meagre, ragged filthy wretch: Nevertheless the dear old gentleman runs, as fast as he can, to meet the returning prodigal.

The youth, filled with love and grief, falls down before him, and with a weeping eye, a blushing face, and faltering voice, owns all his vast offence. The father now is so full of joy, that he does not mention one of his faults; folds him to his bosom, kisses away his tears, and calls aloud for the servants. "Bring here—he eagerly cries—bring here the best robe you can find; bring here the ring to ornament his finger, and shoes for his feet; provide quickly an handsome dinner, and let us, and all our neighbours rejoice—for *this my son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found.*"

Here was a solemn pause.—Who could have helped crying, if they had heard in what a pathetic manner the
story



The Penitent Prodigal.

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story was recited ?—All were dissolved in tears.

At length Master Tender broke silence and said, See here, my dear companions, the sad result of despising and disobeying our pious parents ; and what comes from the foolish desire of being from under their care and authority !

Nor is this all, said Master *Considerate*, I have heard the Ministers say, that this *returning prodigal* represents to us a *repenting sinner*, who by departing from God and his ways, has plunged himself into distress and ruin ; but when helped by the grace of GOD'S SPIRIT to bethink himself, and mourn for his offences, is, like the prodigal, encouraged by the well known tender mercies of a compassionate Saviour to return and confess his sin—own the justness of his misery, and receive pardon, peace and happiness, as a free and undeserved gift. — May the LORD help us to GO AND DO LIKEWISE.

Then

Then with chearful hearts and voices
they united in the following hymn:

E A R L Y P I E T Y.

1.

What blest examples do I find
Writ in the Word of Truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth.

2.

Children a sweet HOSANNA sung,
And blest their Savior's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

3.

SAMUEL, the child, was wean'd and
To wait upon the LORD: [brought
Young TIMOTHY betimes was taught
To know His holy Word.

4. Then

4.

Then why should I so long delay
 What others learn so soon ?
 I would not pass another day
 Without this work begun.

When the little pious assembly had sung this hymn, Master *Goodchild* concluded the happy opportunity with solemn prayer—beseeching the LORD to make them like the good children they had been speaking of.—And I hope, my little reader, that your heart too begins to long to be like them—does it not ?

O then pray, and pray again ! nor rest content 'till JESUS CHRIST make you to know and feel that He has redeemed you with His precious Blood, and that you shall live and reign with Him in Glory everlasting. Amen, and Amca.

C O N-

CONCLUSION:

Master and Miss *Goodchild* having thus spent their holidays at home, in the most improving manner, were, on the appointed day again conducted to school — To which they returned with the utmost pleasure; well knowing the need they stood in of farther instruction, in every branch of useful knowledge.

And there, for the present we leave them, pursuing with diligence and delight, the same excellent course of study and devotion that we described in the beginning of this book—and where they are daily GROWING IN FAVOUR WITH GOD AND MAN.

APPEN-

A P P E N D I X

T O T H E

S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

AS a proof that we formed no groundless expectations of Master *Goodchild's* improvement at school, with pleasure we subjoin the following letter, very lately received by his papa, who is so kind as to permit us to make it public.

Dear and honored Sir,

THE least hint of your pleasure is a law to me. Your last favor made me weep with joy ; the endearing expressions of your love, and kind approbation of my conduct, fire me with a desire to deserve both. I shall never think myself

myself so happy as when contributing any thing to your satisfaction and pleasure.

And I don't know how to do this better, than by sending you a short account of *Master Ridgeway*, a most amiable child, and dear companion of mine, but now translated to a better country and the best company.

When he was only three years of age, he discovered evident marks of a work of grace on his heart—Prayer and praise even then, were his delightful exercises.

But the two last years of his life (for he was but *five* when he died) his piety was more remarkable, and he ripened apace for glory.

Just before his last illness, he cheerfully told his mama, that *his life was bid with Christ in God*, which words he often repeated—And when the maid was one day covering him up in his cradle, he

he said, *In heaven I shall be covered with the robe of my Redeemer's righteousness.*

Not long before he died, he declared he had (in a dream, I suppose) seen HEAVEN : and with great admiration, said, *O 'tis a brave place indeed—You cannot think, and I cannot tell, what a fine, shining, glorious place it is—I saw the angels too, all standing round the Lord, and joined with them in singing the new song. And there I heard Jesus Christ say, Let little children come to me—and added, I shall be there among them next sabbath-day.*

He then called for his sister, to whom he said, *prepare to go to heaven : and to his nurse, faith cometh by hearing ; and to the rest, prepare to meet your God.*

Once, when in agony of pain, he told his father, that *he loved him dearly, yet he loved Christ better still ; for, says he, Christ is a good God to me, he is preparing a place for me now, when it is ready he will*

will come and fetch me, and then all will be well.

Having lain a longer time than usual, without taking any refreshment, he was asked to have something, but he answered, *Christ is my meat and drink.*

When the much desired sabbath came, he said, in the morning, *This is a most delightful day*, he was often in prayer, continued chearful all day, frequently expressing great joy and strong consolation in the Lord ; till, in the evening, a convulsion fit seized him, and proved the rough but welcome messenger, sent to convey his happy spirit, where *the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick.*

Thus, dear papa, died a young disciple, whose life and death I have no higher wish than to imitate ; while I write, I am even wishing to go too, and so does dear sister Betsey, who now sits by me, not willing to leave the room least I forget to present, (what she intends

tends to do herself soon) her duty and
 love to her papa and mama. Accept
 them, (dear papa and mama) from both
 your obliged children, especially from
 your dutiful son

WILLIAM GOODCHILD.

Betsy says, I must not forget *Master
 Ridgeway's* epitaph—'tis as follows :

FAREWELL dear babe, with all thy fa-
 cred store,
 In triumph landed on the heav'nly shore :
 Sure NATURE form'd thee in her softest
 mould ;
 And GRACE, from NATURE's dross, re-
 fin'd the gold.

H Y M N S.

M O R N I N G.

RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker:
Angels praise ; join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

FATHER, LORD of ev'ry spirit,
In thy light, lead me right,
'Thro' my Savior's merit.

O my JESUS ! GOD Almighty,
Pray for me, 'till I see
Thee in *Salem's* city.

HOLY GHOST, divine instructor,
Guide me still ; let thy will
Be my sole conductor.

Thou

Thou this night wast my protector :
With me stay, all the day,
Ever my director.

Holy, Holy, Holy Giver
Of all good, life and food,
Reign, ador'd for ever.

EVENING.

Ere I sleep, for ev'ry favor
This day shew'd, by my God,
I will bless my Savior.

O my LORD ! what shall I render
To thy name, still the same,
Gracious, good and tender.

Leave me not, but ever love me :
Let thy peace be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

Visit me with thy salvation ;
 Let thy care, now be near,
 Round my habitation.

Be my rock, my guard, my tow'r ;
 Safely keep, while I sleep,
 Me with all thy power.

So whene'er in death I slumber,
 Let me rise, with the wise,
 Counted in their number.

M O R N I N G.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
 Thy daily stage of duty run,
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent time that's past ;
 Live *this* day as if 'twere thy *last* :
 T'improve thy talents take due care ;
 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

Let

Let all thy converse be sincere ;
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear :
 Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
 And hath refresh'd me while I slept :
 Grant, LORD, when I from death shall
 I may of endless life partake, [wake,

Direct, controul, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say :
 That all my pow'rs with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host,
 Praise FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST.

EVENING.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light :

E 2

Keep

Keep me, O keep me, KING of *Kings*,
Under thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear Son,
Whatever ills this day I've done ;
That with the world, myself and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eye-lids close
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my GOD, when I awake.

Let my blest Guardians, while I sleep,
Close to my bed their vigils keep :
Let no vain dreams disturb my rest ;
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

Praise GOD, &c.

SAT-

SATURDAY EVENING.

Safely thro' another week

God has brought us on our way :

Let us now a blessing seek

On th' approaching Sabbath-day :

Day of all the week the best ;

Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies, multiply'd each hour

Thro' the week our praise demand ;

Guarded by Almighty Pow'r,

Fed and guided by his hand :

Tho' ungrateful we have been ;

Only made returns of sin.

While we pray for pard'ning grace

In the dear REDEEMER's name,

Shew thy reconciled face,

Shine away our sin and shame :

From our wordly cares set free ;

May we rest this night in thee.

E 3

When

When the morn shall bid us rise,
Let us feel thy presence near ;
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy house appear :
There afford us, LORD, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

May thy SPIRIT's voice resound,
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
May the fruits of Grace abound ;
Bring relief for all our wants :
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
'Till we join the church above.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

Blest day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days ;
The lab'our's rest, the saint's delight,
A day of pray'r and praise.

My

My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
His rising did thee raise :
This made thee heav'nly and divine,
Beyond the common days.

The first fruits do a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;
And they who do a sabbath love,
A happy week shall find.

This day, must I for God appear,
For, LORD, the day is *thine* ;
O may I spend it in thy fear,
Then shall the day be *mine*.

Throughout the day cease work and
That I to God may rest ? [play,
O let me talk with God and walk
With God, and I am blest.

Let thy good spirit help my soul,
With faith, thy word to hear ;
Be with me in thy temple, Lord,
And let me find the near. LORD'S

LORD'S DAY EVENING.

When, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene ;
Bless'd in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between.

Affist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares ;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

Release my soul from every chain
No more hell's captive led ;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

Spare me, O God, O spare the soul
That joins itself to thee ;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.

Thy

Thy spirit, O my Father, give,
 To be my guide and friend ;
 To light my way to ceaseless joys,
 Where sabbaths never end.

The KITE, a Fable, or, PRIDE *must*
have a FALL.

Once on a time, a PAPER KITE
 Was mounted to a wond'rous height,
 Where, giddy with its elevation,
 It thus express'd self-admiration :
 " See how yon crowds of gazing people,
 " Admire my flight above the steeple ;
 " How would they wonder if they knew,
 " All that a kite, like me, could do ?
 " Where I but free, I'd take a flight,
 " And pierce the clouds beyond their sight:
 " But ah ! like a poor pris'ner bound,
 " My string confines me near the ground ;
 " I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
 " Might I but fly *without a string.*"

It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,
 To break the string ;—at last it broke :
 Depriv'd at once of all its stay,
 In vain it try'd to soar away ;
 Unable its own weight to bear,
 It flutter'd downward thro' the air ;
 Unable its own course to guide,
 The winds soon plung'd it in the tide.
 Oh ! foolish kite, thou hadst no wing,
 How couldst thou fly without a string !

My heart reply'd, “ O LORD, I see
 “ How much the kite resembles me !
 “ Forgetful that by thee I stand,
 “ Impatient of thy ruling hand :
 “ How oft I've wish'd to break the lines
 “ Thy wisdom for my lot assigns ?
 “ How oft indulg'd a vain desire
 “ For something more, or something
 high'r ?
 “ And but for GRACE and LOVE divine,
 “ A FALL thus dreadful had been mine.

THE FLY.

PRITHEE little buzzing FLY
 Eddying round my taper—why ?
 Is it that its quiv'ring light,
 Dazzling, captivates thy sight ?
 Bright my taper is, 'tis true :
 Trust me, 'tis too bright for you.
 'Tis a flame fond thing beware ;
 'Tis a flame you cannot bear :
 Touch it, and 'tis instant fate ;
 Take my counsel e'er too late :
 Buz no longer round and round,
 Settle on the wall or ground ;
 Sleep 'till morning—with the day,
 Rise and use your wings, you may ;
 Use 'em then—of danger clear—
 Wait till morning, do, my dear.

Lo ! my council nought avails,
 Round, and round, and round it fails,
 Sails with idle unconcern,—
 Prithee, trisler, can'st thou burn ?
 Madly heedless as thou art,
 Know thy danger, and depart.

Why

Why persist?—I plead in vain,
Sing'd it falls and writhes in pain.

Is not this, deny who can?
Is not this, a draught of man?
Like the fly he rashly tries
Pleasure's burning sphere, and dies.
Vain the friendly caution; still
He rebels : alas ! and will,
What I sing let pride apply,
Flies are weak ; and man's a Fly:

Graces before and after Meat.

Before.

Bless. Lord, these creatures for our good,
(Thy bounty from above)
But feed our souls with nobler food,
And may we drink thy love.

After.

We thank thee for thy goodness, Lord,
We bless thy wond'rous love ;
O may we meet around thy board,
In realms of peace above.

Before

Before.

Be present at our table LORD,
Be here and every where ador'd :
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

After.

We thank thee, LORD for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood,
Let manna to our soul be given,
The bread of life sent down from Heav'n.

Before.

JESUS, our outward wants relieve ;
But oh, the food immortal give,
Our hungry souls to fill !
Sustain us by thy pard'ning grace,
And lead us thro' this wilderness,
To the celestial hill.

After.

Happy the man to whom 'tis giv'n
To eat the bread of life in Heav'n ;
This happiness in CHRIST we prove,
Who banquet on forgiving love.

EVEN-

A MORNING HYMN.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins ;
He never tires nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So like the sun would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.

Give me, O Lord, thine early grace,
Nor let my soul complain ;
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

EVEN-

EVENING.

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known,
His Providence and Grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste
My sins how great their sum ?
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for time to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head ;
And thro' the hours of darkness keep,
Their watch around my bed.

With chearful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

A CRADLE

A CRADLE HYMN.

Hush ! my dear, lie still and slumber ;

Holy angels guard thy bed !

Heavenly blessings without number

Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,

House and home, thy friends provide

All without thy care or payment,

All thy wants are well supply'd.

How much better thou'rt attended

Than the *Son of God* could be,

When from heaven he descended,

And became a child like thee ?

Soft and easy is thy cradle :

Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay ;

When his birth-place was a stable,

And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe ! what glorious features,

Spotless fair, divinely bright ;

Must he dwell with brutal creatures ?

How could angels bear the sight ?

Was

Was there nothing but a manger
 Cursed finners could afford,
 To receive the heav'nly stranger?
 Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child : I did not chide thee,
 Tho' my song might sound too hard ;
 'Tis thy { * mother } sits beside thee,
 { nurse that }
 And her arm shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
 How the *Jews* abused their king,
 How they serv'd the *Lord of Glory*,
 Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky ;
 There they sought him, there they found
 With his virgin mother by. [him,

* Here you may use the words, *brother, sister,*
neighbour, friend, &c.

See

See the lovely babe a dressing ;
Lovely infant, how he smil'd !
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen fed ;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and hear him,
Trust and love him all thy days !
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise !

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping, what I most desire ;
Not a mother's fondest wishes,
Can to greater joys aspire.

Little

Little Verses for good Children.

I must pray—both night and day.

Before I eat,—I must entreat
That God would bless to me my meat.

I must not play, on the sabbath-day :
But I must hear, God's word in fear.

I must not lie, I must not feign :
I must not take God's name in vain.

It is a sin, to steal a pin,
Much more, to steal a greater thing.

I must work, and I must pray,
And God will feed me, day by day.

I must be neither rude nor wild,
I must not be a wanton child.

I had

I had better die, than tell a lie.
I must not fin, a world to win.

Christ alone my soul can save,
And raise my body from the grave.

Christ alone, must have my heart,
Christ and I, must never part.

Lord grant that I, in faith may die,
And live with thee, eternally.

F I N I S.

MISTAKES in some Copies.

Page 14. in the note, leave out *bold of*.
— 17. fourth line, leave out *the*

30.7.74

